

AN
ELEGY
V P O N
the unhappy losse
O F
THE NOBLE
EARLE
O F
ESSEX.

LONDON,
Printed for John Benson, and are to be sold at his shop
in Dunstons Church-yard. 1646.

FOR THE YEAR 1840

A M

THE GUY

ALON

the unhappy lot

of Thomas Twiss

THE NOBLE

EARL

OF

ESSSEX

LONDON:
Printed for J. B. Esdaile, and sold by him, at his shop
in Durland's Church-yard, 1840.

FOR THE YEAR 1840

An Elegy on the Death of the noble Earle of Essex.

Need no fatall quill that ha's the art
At every line it writes to breake an heart:
For when I shall but once begin t' expresse
The publique cause, and subject of my verse,
More motives may be spar'd our unstrain'd
Will need no provocation, but reliefe. (grief

Essex is dead. What thunder strikes our eares,
Threatning an inundation of teares?
This is a judgement more then wee conceiv'd,
To be by our best hope the most deceiv'd:
And that the Noble Cause of our Redresse,
Should now be so of our extreame Distresse.
Or is 't a mercy, since Heaven did intend
At last, an exil'd peace back t' us to send?
Thus to make way, by soft'ning our hard hearts
By such a blow; which the successive darts
It shot at our owne persons, could not pierce
Who ne'er had wept but at his frowne or hearse.
That wee exchanging for new grieve, old hate;
(Though sencelesse of our owne) might mourne his fate;
That teares begun for losse might end for sin,
And hearts twice broke let peace and mercy in.

But is he gone from us! Injurious Death
Hast thou depriv'd him of that purer breath
Then quickens vulgar lumps; I then could wish,
That old Pythagoras Metempsychosis
Were not a fable, that the world might boast
A second Phoenix, now the first is lost.

When England lost it's darling in the late
Of his lov'd Father (though unfortunate
In their desires) their hopes did still survive,
Whil'st he had left so brave a Son alive.
Whose early youthfull blossomes did presage
Most glorious fruits in his more riper age
But all that then was hop'd was that the Son
Should keepe that honour which his Father wonne.
But he not bounded by strict president
His, as all other patternes quite out went.
Compleatest acts of ancient Hero's were
The essaies of his youth, whereon to reare
Fames highest Stories, their great aimes were found
His first attempts, their battlements his ground.
So that great Essex's name is greater growne
By his Sons honour added to his owne.
For ev'n in them was long time verifi'd
What's said of Kings, for Essex never di'd
Till now. But now the Title too is gone
A Title men will tremble to put on
Though offer'd; since it strongly do's oblige
To courage, councell, combats, storming, seidge,
Devotion, Temp'rance, and what ever can
Render the wearer a most perfect man.
And surely, had Heav'n blest us but so much
As with a Son of his, he had been such:
This envious fiends suspected, and did try
Their utmost skill to barre him progeny.

But he shall live in his more lasting name
Borne on the wings of never-dying Fame.
No Chronicler shall need to write his praise
In mouldy parchment left to after-daies

For as the holy Patriarchs Religion
Was left to them by long-deriv'd tradition;
So shall his acts be handed to those men
Are yet unborne, and they the same agen
shall tell their Childrens Chidren, till it grow
Part of their education to doe so.
In his poore Cottage by a Winter fire
To his great granchildren shall the aged fire
From's easie chaire relate the ancient stories
Of his exploits and vertues; whil'st he glories
T' have trail'd a pike at Keinton, or receiv'd
A shot at Reading, or when 'twas reliev'd
T' have march't to Gloster, then the memory
Of that unparallell'd Newb'ry victory
Shall cause him rake his embers, and proceed
To tell the Generals vertue as his deed.
" And yet my Children, though all this did he
" He courted not the peoples cap or knee.
" Their praise or dispraise he did not regard,
" Virtue that set him on was his reward.
" And though he had (yet was) been prais'd by none;
" He durst in spight of all be good alone.
" He moov'd by his owne principles, for 'tis knowne
" He was not wrought by Royal smile or frowne.
" Like to the trusty Sun he kept his line
" Pursuing still his first and knowne designe,
" He was not made for changes, nor could lend
" An I. in Parliament for a by-end.
" If he had foes they durst not mak't appeare,
" His frowne alone would strike them dead with feare.
" And if they wispr'd any thing amisse
" They guard his name with a parenthesis.

Still

“ Still [*He was faithfull*] who so e’r offended
“ Tis much to be by All so well commended.
“ But they were wise; who durst the same deny
“ Sure he was desp’rate and resolv’d to dye.
“ Who so durst meet him, durst doe more then Death
“ That ravish’d not, but stole away his breath.
“ Ah treacherous coward that did’st slyly creepe
“ At unawares, to kill him in his sleepe.

Now Noble Peeres after his Hearse march on,
Mourne as you go, your great exampl’s gone.
And you grave Patriots learne to know your losse,
He was your blessing whom some thought your crosse.
You reverend Synod, cannot chuse but shed
Some Fun’rall teares since your stout Patron’s dead.
And you brave Souldiers will have moistned eyes
For he is fall’n by whom you all did rise.
Weepe Widdows weepe, he’s gone that was of late
Your most indulgent, constant Advocate.
And you that once were foes some teares bestow
On your owne selves, your fines will not be low.
Weepe England now, thou se’st thy Champion’s end,
Scotland weepe too, for thou hast lost a Friend.
But Ireland most of all, expresse thy griefe
For he is dead that long’d to send reliefe.
Weepe Vertue too, for thou a Widdow art,
And well mai’st act the chiefeft mourners part:
And Envy weepe, and starve, now he is gone
Thoul’t scarce find goodnesse heere to feed upon.

An Epitaph on the Earle of Essex.

Boast Marble, that conceal'st this Dust
 Not of thy Lastingnesse, but Trust.
 Ten thousand unto thee shall bring
 Of vowed teares their offering.
 The driest eye shall drop a Gem
 To enrich death's envi'd Diadem.
 To thine, great Essex's Memory
 Shall adde it's owne eternity:
 Thereby thou shalt thy selfe out last
 Which else, like other stones, would'st waste
 And mix thy Dust with them, that deepe
 Thou unprophaned now do'st keepe.
 Nay Death it selfe will sure prevent
 Of His and Essex Monument
 The least decay: For neer did he
 More glory in a victory.
 On thee Death sits in state, and braves
 Himselfe more then on neighbour-graves.
 To kill a Prince, or Duke, or so,
 Is counted but Death's common blow.
 But when he slew brave Essex, he
 Did triumph ore Humanity.
 The Virger that's wont to relate
 This Princes valour, that's estate,
 The vertuous life and famous acts
 Of Peeres deceased, the extracts
 Of every noble Family;
 May finde all in Epitome:
 And save the labour of Retaile
 And tell the people, **HERE LIES, ALL.**

Th. Twiss.

Wing G 3

An Elegie upon the most lamented
death of the Right Honourable and truly
valiant, ROBERT Earle of Essex, &c.

I Thanke thee, Griefe, that thou hast found a voice:
Some thinke there runs no streame, where's heard no noise;
And yet Ile beare thee witnesse, when there stood
No water in thine Eye, thy Heart wept Blood;
So may the stealing Brooke mourne under ground,
When on the surface, nought but Flint is found.
Advance my Teares then, and your Office bee
To bring the Reare up of this Obsequie.
A Reare of Mourners, which shall reach from hence
To Doomes-day, mourning not for Forme, but Sense.
We now but see the Pompe; but after times
Shall make us feele our Losse, due to our-Crimes;
VVhen Monarchy shall faint, and Faction thrive,
How shall we then with *Devereux* alive?
VVhen there is none to dry up Widdowes Teares;
None to Repulse our Jealousies and Feares:
When Justice selfe shall want an Advocate,
And truth in coward silence read her Fate;
When those daies come, (O never come those Daies;
Never to us!) that he shall weare the Bayes,
And be accounted valiant, who shall dare
To whisper Truth, though onely to the Aire:
When the meane Feet shall trample ore the Head;
How shall we then feele *Devereux* is dead?
Devereux, the Nobles Orbe, the Gentries Starr,
The Cities Altar, the wrong'd Countries Barr:
Devereux, the Just, *Devereux*, the Stout, the Wise,
The maimed Souldiers Limbes, the Blind mans Eyes.
The Armies faithfull Alm'ner; or what's more
Devereux, the very *Devereux* of their Poore;
Yet He, this Cedar's fall'n: or rather, is
Transplanted, for to grow in Paradise.
How the Ghosts throng to see their great new Ghuest;
Talbot, Vere, Norris, Williams, and the rest,

Those valiant Shades, England's best Sonnes ! each one
Courting Him to their Bowers ; (Bowers, whereof none
But was of conquering *Laurell*) there to heare
A storie, which would force from Ghosts a Teare,
(Their Mothers Tragedy) as 'twas acted late

By her owne Children, to make sport for Fate ;

For they had seen the Stygian Boats e'vn sinke,
Laden with Soules up to the very brinke ;

Had known their Charon tugg and sweat, and say ;

England did find him most work and best pay.

He (the new Ghueft) who (since he did afford

To hold in peace the Scales, in War the Sword,

Could therefore give best Judgment : the pure stampe

How things 'ith Senare pass'd, how in the Camp :)

Dissects the Body politique, and with weight

Laies ope the Griefes and Maladies of State.

Shewes how those hands that held the Scales were numb,

And how that Tongue which should preach Peace was dumb ;

The Feet (saith He) went staggering, and 'tis sed,

Some Clouds and Vapours did possesse the Head ;

Whose little finger, had the poyson mov'd,

Heavier then all his Fathers Loynes had prov'd ;

The Eyes grew dim and darkish, whiles the Eare

Deafe to sage Counsell, yet strange Tales could heare ;

And the whole Frame did so with Feaver burne,

Feaver might serve for Piles to fill the Urne ;

And England mouldring thus through Feaverish Ire,

Save Heaven the labour of a Doomes-day Fire.

All now was turning into Ashes : so

Consuming Flames Incendiaries blow,

Hence Englands best Physicians judg'd it need

(To save the Body) that some veines should bleed ;

Surgeons from all parts come to work the Cure

(She now was patient and must all endure.)

Leeches and Emp'ricks (Colledge fulls) all came,

To cure ? no, but to practise on their Dame.

And thus they let her bleed too much : so they

Can gaine, no matter though she bloodlesse lay.

Yet some there came, Artists, and honest too ;

Men that without a plot their work would do :

Men, that to stop her blood, their own did give,
And paid their Deathlesse Lives to make her live.
So sharp a Pill is War, that some have thought
Even Health it selfe, at this price, too deare bought ;
Phylick on a Swords point can seldome please,
Men count such Remedies worse then the Disease.

And thus as he was blazning States, and Men,
Persons, and Things, the Caule ; why ? how ? and when ?
Still passing ore Himselfe, as if he were,
Though others Trumpet, His own Silencer :
Still his own Mute, whilst yet he Trumpets forth
Great *Warwicks*, and *Northumberlands* great Worth :
VVith other Heroes plac'd in high Command,
Neptunes at Sea, and *Marses* on the Land;

But who was He, cry'd some, (not but they knew :
But that they long'd to heare those gests anew
Which they so dearly lov'd) who's he that fought
So much for Peace 'bove Victory ? that thought
The bloodlesse Bayes the best ? He that aim'd moe
To save one Citizen, then kill many a Foe ?
He that knew how to value Lives ? the Man,
So much good Souldier, and good Christian ;
That kill'd and sigh'd, mourn'd as he Trophies wore,
Mingling his own Teares with his Enemies gore ?
As if his Grand Commission did not give
Him power to kill and slay, but kill and grieve.

And yet agen, that most undaunted Hee,
(When th' Armies were to joyne, to disagree)
VVho speech'd his Souldiers first with Voyce and Drum,
Then *Cesar*-like bad them, not go, but come ?
He, who Himselfe an Army was alone !
He, who was then most Generall, when yet none ?
And had whole Legions ever at his need,
Legions of Souldiers not to Fight, but Feed :

Yea but who's He, cry'd one among the throng,
That with so few men rais'd a Siege so strong ?
That made Retreat from twice his odds, the while,
As he Retreated, fighting, threescore mile ?
And this, not through fenc'd Lanes, and in thick nights,
The Downes and Middy Sun saw all his fights.

An honour, we could envy, could this place
(Loves Throne) admit a wrinckled Heart or Face.

VVith that, some Cavalier Ghosts (for there come
Of them to rest here in Elysium)
The Learned *Faulkland*, and *Carnarvan* stout,
Fierce *Lindsey*, (Spartan shades, above the Rout;)
Such as had paid him Homage with their Blood,
And fallen his Sacrifices, when he stood
Pointed at our deare losse, and said; all this,
And more is *Devereux*; this, and more is His;
Which made him blush; His pale Ghost blush'd; and then,
He look'd, as if he had been alive agen.

But when such prayses even from Enemies come,

It were a sin in us, should we stand dumbe?
And is't not pity so Fam'd worth should dye
Without an Heire? No Sonne to close his Eye?
No Child to weare his vertue with his Name?
None to inherit his well-gotten Fame?
But as great *Paminondas* answered those
His Friends, that mourn'd his Fall, (mourn'd by his Foes)
'Cause he fell Childlesse; as if *Greece* were done
Since so much vertue dyed without a Sonne:
But yet (saith He) still beare it in your mind,
I've left two Daughters with you here behind,
Leuctra and *Mantineia*; who shall keep
Their Fathers Name from Death, and *Thebes* from sleep;
So when our *Devereux*, (*Devereux*, a word
Great as that Greek's, and keener then his Sword:
A Name that fills the Mouth, and wounds the Eare:
A Name that *Machiavell* would be pleas'd to heare.
He, who admires the Pagans large-siz'd Name
'Bove Christians; as if words could create Fame.)
So when our *Devereux* is bemoan'd in Death,
As one that leaves no Sonne to breath his Breath,
Answer is made, He leaves two Daughters faire,
Reading and *Glocester*; Daughters such as are
Sans parallell; and which will cost the State
Millions to match them with an equal Mate.
Or should this Issue faile, yet how can He
Want Sonnes and Heires, who's *Pater Patrie*.

